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I ASKED YOU A QUESTION.
WHAT ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?

I'M... I'M...
I'm what, exactly?

I CAN HANDLE HER, BATMAN.
ROBIN, NO.
SHE'S JUST A GIRL.

REALLY?

Little twerp in short pants thinks I'm a walkover.
He's got a LOT to learn.
Despite my best predictions, I didn't mean for tonight to turn out like it did.
But I'm not going to let these two push me around.
HEY!
WHAT AM I? WHAT ARE YOU GUYS?
YOU SHOW ME YOUR LICENSE TO WEAR MASKS AND ACT TOUGH.
CHAPTER THREE: AFTERGLOW

WHUP WHUP WHUP WHUP WH
All I wanted was to give Daddy a few bad moments.
To prove my value. My potential.
UH!

WHUP WHUP
Now I'm walking on somebody's cape.
THIS IS NO GAME. YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO WEAR THAT SYMBOL.
AND YOU DO?

WHUP WHU
WHUP
THIS JUST GETS BETTER AND BETTER!

I GET TO KILL BATMAN, ROBIN, AND BATGIRL ALL IN THE SAME NIGHT!
LA LUNA
MY REP IS MADE, BOYS! MADE!
And so it became official.

Now I am "Batgirl"... forevermore.
And I can already see that I'll never be comfortable with the name.

I'd have preferred "Batwoman."
COPS'RE COMIN', KILLER MOTH.
DAMN! GET US OUT OF HERE!

Too late to change it now.
My present just caught up with the future.
WHO WAS SHE? IS SHE ALL RIGHT?
THE GIRL DISAPPEARED. BUT WE'LL BE SEEING HER AGAIN.

I HOPE SO.

"I hope so"?
The Boy Wonder has a crush on me?
Ew.

At least he's grown a few inches.
HI.
UM... HI... I GUESS.

My ever-vigilant and overprotective father doesn't talk about that night.
Dad isn't proud that he has to consort with Bogeymen in order to police his big bad city.
NOT ON YOUR LIFE, BOY WONDER.

We don't say the B-word in the Gordon House.

That voice though.
Like wind growling over gravestones.

That can't be natural.

As far as Captain James Gordon will be concerned, mopey daughter Barbara bailed on the Policeman's Masquerade.
GCPD

Her alibi, will read thus...
"Unwilling to fend off the awkward advances of drunken tycoons and philandering cops, Barbara Gordon remained safely at home the night in question.

"Barbara likened the potential Masquerade Ball experience to sticking herself with red-hot needles!

"Having turned in early, Barbara slept comfortably in the security of her own home...

"...until she was rudely awakened by an officer of Gotham's Finest."

Or something.
HOLD ON!
NOK NOK NOK

CENTRAL, THIS IS BARD. SOMEBODY BETTER TELL THE CAPTAIN THAT HIS DAUGHTER'S NO--

--Whoa.
Uh... NEGATIVE ON THAT, CENTRAL. PLEASE INFORM HIM THAT MS. GORDON IS SAFE AND SOUND.
PROBLEM, OFFICER BARD?

ONLY THAT YOU STILL DON'T CALL ME JASON, BABS.
I DON'T CALL YOU AT ALL.
AND THAT'S THE PROBLEM.
MY FATHER, HE'S--?

JUST FINE. WORKING ON ROUNDING UP THAT KILLER MOTH NUTBALL.
IT TAKES BRAINS TO TRY KNOCKING OVER A WIDOWS AND ORPHANS CHARITY EVENT ATTENDED BY OFF-DUTY COPS.

HE COULD EVEN BE HIDING ON THIS BLOCK.
LISTEN, BABS, IF YOU'RE SCARED I COULD COME IN FOR A CUP OF COFFEE UNTIL THE CAPT--

SLAM!

Scared?
Far from it, Officer Bard.

In fact, I'm pretty exhilarated.

I could do this ALL night.

Must be all the Bat Endorphins pumping.

Heh. Good one...

SNRZZ...

BARBARA, WAKE UP.
WHU--?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I KNOW IT'S SATURDAY, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO SLEEP THE DAY AWAY.
I DIDN'T FEEL WELL LAST NIGHT. I TOOK SOME COLD MEDICINE AND CRASHED.
UM... SORRY I SKIPPED THE MASQUER-ADE.

YOU MISSED QUITE A SHINDIG.
Y-YEAH? HOW SO?
KILLER MOTH KAYOED ME AND TRIED TO MAKE OFF WITH BRUCE WAYNE AS A HOSTAGE.
SOME GIRL IN A SCARY COSTUME SAVED THE DAY... OR SO I'M TOLD. I WAS UNCONSCIOUS DURING THE GOOD PARTS.
REALLY? YOU'RE OKAY, RIGHT? DAD?
I SEE THAT OLD TRELLIS IS HOLDING UP WELL ENOUGH.
GLAD I NAILED IT DOWN TIGHT BACK WHEN YOU IGNORED YOUR MIDNIGHT CURFEW.

LAST THING I NEEDED WAS MY DAUGHTER RISKING HER NECK TO PUT A BURR IN THE OLD MAN'S BREECHES.
Is that a hint, Dad?

KNOCKOUT!
COSTUMED CRIMEFIGHTER FOILS KIDNAPPING
SATURDAY, NOV. 16
MOTHMAN
Or are you still gathering evidence?

"YOU GOT FIVE MINUTES, BUGFACE."
DON'T WASTE 'EM.
I WAS HOPING FOR SOMETHING MORE PRIVATE, TONY.
YOU SAID WE HAD BUSINESS. THIS IS WHERE I DO BUSINESS.
AND IT'S MISTER BRESSI TO YOU, BUGFACE.
YOU HAVE QUITE THE SETUP HERE, MISTER BRESSI.
LOTS OF GOODS, VOLUME, HIGH PROFIT MARGINS.
BUT IT'S A HOUSE BUILT ON SAND.

YOU CAN PAY OFF THE COPS, SURE.
BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS NEW CROWD OF DO-GOODERS? THESE VIGILANTES AND SUPERHEROES? WHO'S GOING TO COVER FOR YOU THERE?

YOU.
RIGHT. KILLER MOTH.
AND HOW'S THAT WORK?

WITH THIS. A MOTH LANTERN.
THOSE MASKED CRUMBS COME AROUND AND YOU SHINE THIS INTO THE SKY. I SHOW WITH ALL THE FIREPOWER YOU NEED.

I SHINE THIS LANTERN AND YOU SEE IT?
ME OR ONE OF MY PEOPLE.
AND EVERY COP FROM BRISTOL TO BLÜDHAVEN.

YOU'RE OFFERING ME PROTECTION? I AM PROTECTION.
I SAW YOU ON TEE-VEE, BUGFACE. SOME CHIPPIE BEAT YOU SILLY.

YOU'LL NEED ME, SOMEDAY!
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES.
VINCE. JACKIE.

OOP!

AN' TAKE YOUR NIGHT-LIGHT WITH YA.
EXIT
HAHA!
HAHA!
HAHAHA!
SKISH!

YOU WILL BE SORRY.
YOU'LL ALL BE SORRY.

I'LL SHOW YOU THAT YOU NEED KILLER MOTH.
SOMEHOW.

WE'RE HERE.
LOOK, I GAVE UP THE SMOKES.
IF I HAVE A HEART ATTACK NOW, IT'LL BE ON YOUR COWL.

ANY LEADS ON KILLER MOTH?
YOU AND I NEED SOME SORT OF HOTLINE. THIS WAITING UNTIL DARK BUSINESS IS SILLY.
I BET YOU WERE EXPECTING THREE OF US TONIGHT, RIGHT, CAPTAIN?

NO, LAD.
I'M STILL GETTING USED TO JUST THE TWO OF YOU.

FRANKLY, ROBIN, I WISH YOU WERE HOME SOMEWHERE DOING YOUR HOMEWORK AND DREAMING ABOUT PRETTY GIRLS.
IS THAT WHY YOU CALLED US HERE, JIM...
TO SEND A MESSAGE?

THE USUAL SNITCHES HAVEN'T SPOTTED THE MOTH.
I'M HOPING YOU GENTLEMEN MIGHT NET HIM BEFORE HE ACTUALLY HURTS SOMEONE.
WE'LL SEE TO IT.
AND JIM--

--I HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE GIRL.

"SHE HAS HER *OWN* AGENDA."
MILK
TUNA

SALE
I didn't see the third guy.
He must be the wheelman.
$5.99 ONLY
Should have seen him. Dumb, Barbara. Dumb.
Still time to correct my mistake. Revision on the fly.
Good thing I've been in here before.
TIME
Beef stew. Tomato soup. Kidney beans. That's the stuff.

Time this right and it's "Score one for Batgirl."
A second off and it's "Shop-keepers and Weird Girl Found Slain."

Clean-up in Aisle Three.

That was way too close.
SKIP
ORIO COOKIES
NESTE
I should have cased the place at least as well as the hoods did.
Way too close.

...And way too public.
--SAVED OUR LIVES!
SHE TOOK THOSE GUYS DOWN! BAM!
AND SO YOU HAVE IT, ANOTHER TALE OF VIOLENT VIGILANTISM ADDED TO THE MASKED MYTHOLOGY OF GOTHAM AFTER DARK.
THIS TIME WITNESSES CLAIM TO HAVE SEEN A FEMALE CRIMEFIGHTER.
MASS HYSTERIA OR SOME MISGUIDED AND DISTURBED CITIZEN?
YOU BE THE JUDGE.
THIS IS ROY RAYMOND JUNIOR FOR CRIMEBEAT.
DAMMIT!
IT'S THAT BATGIRL!
ONE BAT-BUM WASN'T ENOUGH! NOW THERE'S TWO! PLUS THE BRAT!
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO PROVE I CAN PROVIDE PROTECTION TO THIS TOWN'S UNDER-WORLD WHEN THE DAMN BATS KEEP MULTIPLYING?
I MEAN, WHAT CAN GO WRONG NEXT?
CHINA WORLD
BEER

NOK NOK!
AT THIS HOUR?

YES, WHAT IS IT?
YOU CAMERON Van CLEER?
THAT'S ME, WHAT DO YOU WANT?

WE WANT MISTER BRESSI'S MONEY.
YOU'RE IN HOCK TO TOUGH TONY FOR FIVE HUNDRED LARGE.
NO...

AND DON'T BOTHER REACHIN' FOR THE CHECKBOOK, MISTER Van CLEER.
WE GOT ENOUGH OF YOUR KITED CHECKS TO WALLPAPER A HOUSE.
THIS IS STRICTLY A DEMONSTRA-TION.

unnh!
uh!
uh!

PONY UP, RICHBOY, OR WE'LL BE BACK.
USED-TO-BE-RICHBOY, Y'MEAN.

FIRST THAT PANTYWAIST KILLER BUG AND NOW THIS GUY.
LIKE HAVIN' THE NIGHT OFF, VINCE.
HA!

I COULD HAVE HAD THE MONEY... BEEN CLEAR OF DEBT... IF NOT FOR...
...THAT GIRL... THAT DAMN GIRL...

...and her damn fool ideas.
INSURMOUNTABLE CLIMBING GEAR
The cost of this flight of fancy alone will no doubt bankrupt Barbara Gordon, Underpaid Librarian and Potential Defaulter of Student Loans.

I bet Batman's rich.

How else could a crime-fighter afford all this stuff.?
J. JOHNSON'S ARMY SURPLUS
BEST-D-FENS

God bless policeman's discount.
GCPD

PEPPER SPRAY
LLOW RAY
THE GOT
I'll have to hold off on the mini-laser and two-way wrist radio receiver.

Some items might be well worth a little overtime pay, though.

What the Hell am I getting myself into?

WAYNE TOWER
THE BUILDING CLOSES IN TWENTY MINUTES, MISS.
MORE THAN I NEED.
ROOFTOP
DING!
I can do this.
GOGGLES DOWN. WE'RE NOT VOYEURS.
BETCHA MY TRUST FUND SHE DOESN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT.
If I can do this, then I'll be right up here with them.
Not just slugging it out with muggers and low-lifes knocking over bodegas and liquor stores.
How hard can it be really?
SERIOUSLY, I'LL EVEN TOSS IN MY STOCK OPTIONS.
THIS IS WHERE SHE THROWS IN THE TOWEL AND GIVES UP THE COSTUME FOR GOOD.
YOU LOST THAT WAGER BEFORE SHE EVEN ENTERED WAYNE TOWER.
SHE'S ALREADY MAKING THE LEAP.

IT'S THE FALL THAT'LL KILL HER.
HOLY...
TO BE CONTINUED
SCOTT BEATTY & CHUCK DIXON STORY
MARCOS MARTIN PENCILS
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